

# THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

VOLUME 6—NUMBER 204.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH., DECEMBER 21, 1864.

TERMS—\$1 50 PER ANNUM.

## THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS,

Published every Wednesday.

BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS—One Dollar Fifty per year.

\$2 00 when left by the Carrier.

Office on Washington street, over Beckel's Market.

Grand Haven, Michigan.

## ADVANCED RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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|---------------------------|-------|
| One square one week,      | \$ 75 |
| One square two weeks,     | 1 25  |
| One square three weeks,   | 1 75  |
| One square one month,     | 2 25  |
| One square two months,    | 4 00  |
| One square three months,  | 7 00  |
| One square six months,    | 10 00 |
| One square twelve months, | 15 00 |

Business Cards, one line each, \$2 per year. Advertising by the column at rates of special agreement.

One square is one inch of column or less. Advertisements without special directions as to time will be inserted and charged for until ordered out.

Legal advertising at legal rates. When a postponement is added to an advertisement, the whole is charged as for the first insertion.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

C. J. Pfaff, Sheriff of Ottawa Co., Grand Haven, Mich.

George G. Lovell, County Treasurer, Grand Haven, Mich.

Peter Van Den Berg, County Clerk and Register of Deeds, Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

Robert W. Duncan, Circuit Court Commissioner, Grand Haven, Mich.

William H. Parks, Prosecuting Attorney, Grand Haven, Mich.

George Eastman, County Surveyor, Eastmanville, Mich.

J. H. Sanford, Deputy County Surveyor, Wright P. O., Ottawa Co., Mich.

S. Munroe, Physician and Surgeon. Office on Washington street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Dwight Cutler, Dealer in General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles, Lath, &c. Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

William Wallace, Grocer and Provision Merchant, Washington Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Miner Hedges, Proprietor of the Victor Mills, Tallmadge, dealer in Merchandise, Groceries and Provisions, Pork, Grain and Mill Feed, Shingles, &c., &c. Lamont, Ottawa County, Michigan.

Augustus W. Taylor Judge of Probate, Ottawa County. Post-Office address Ottawa Center. Court days, First and Third Mondays of each Month. Office at the Court House, Grand Haven.

George E. Hubbard, Dealer in Stoves, Hardware, Guns, Iron, Nails, Spike, Glass, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Butcher's Files; and Manufacturer of Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron Ware. Job work done on short notice. Corner of Washington and First sts., Grand Haven, Mich.

John H. Newcomb, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc. State Street, Mill Point, Mich.

J. T. Davis, Merchant Tailor, Dealer in Gent's Furnishing Goods, Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c. Shop, Washington St. 2d door below the Drug Store.

Ferry & Son, Manufacturers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Pickets, Timber &c. Business Office, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich., and 235, Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

J. F. Chubb, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Plows, Cultivators, Threshing Machines, Reapers, Mowers, Hay Presses and all kinds of Farming Tools and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

## CONCENTRATED POTASH!

At twenty-five cents per Can, which, with a half dozen pounds of grease, you can make fifteen gallons of Good Soap. Sold at GRIFFIN'S Drugstore.

April, 25, '63

## Get a Sewing Machine!

Whoever intends to purchase a good Family Sewing Machine, of any kind, will do well to call at the News Office. We can furnish them at all times upon the most advantageous terms. PROPRIETORS OF THE NEWS.

## MANHATTAN

Fire Insurance Company.

CASH CAPITAL, \$250,000 00  
SURPLUS, \$254,022

RISKS taken on the most reasonable terms. Losses promptly paid. WM. H. PARKS, Agent. Grand Haven March 9, 1864. 2554.

## For the Grand Haven News. THOUGHTS OF MY MOTHER.

While wand'ring 'neath Lunar's beam,  
Beside a gentle murmuring stream,  
My thoughts from earth were drawn away  
To that bright world where all is day.

I thought of those who had left this shore  
To dwell in Heaven forever more;  
Of that blest day when we shall meet  
"Departed friends at Jesus' feet."

I saw a holy, rapturous band  
Around the glorious Savior stand;  
And midst that throng of angels bright  
I saw my mother, clothed in white.  
The same sweet smile she used to wear  
Still lingered 'round those lips so fair;  
And the mild radiance of that brow,  
Methinks, beams kindly on me now.

Dear mother! though in Heaven thou art,  
Thy influence oft subdues my heart;  
Sometimes I almost long to die  
That I may dwell with thee on high.

Thou art my "guardian angel" still;  
Thy mission well thou dost fulfill;  
So blest art thou in Heaven's bright dome  
'Tis wrong to wish earth were thy home.

But oh! when fever's burning pain  
Has preyed upon thy lone child's frame,  
How oft I've wished that thou wert near  
To calm each anxious thought and fear.

When mingling with the worldly throng,  
To choose the right and shun the wrong,  
That I may kindly warning heed,  
'Tis then thy presence most I need.

Thy well remembered, mild reproach  
Shall guide me in the ways of truth,  
And teach my erring, straying heart  
To choose the better, nobler part.

Angels would miss thee from their band,  
So I'll not wish thee in this land,  
But strive that I may "win the prize,"  
And with thee dwell beyond the skies.

HATTIE C. M.

## THE TRUE WOMAN.

"I'll have to go, Mary, there is no help for it."

She looked—the lady to whom these words were addressed—in a way which showed it had struck and hurt her. She was scalloping a child's skirt, and the needle-work had followed her rapid fingers along the flannel like a line of snowy foam, but now the work fell suddenly, unheeded to the floor.

"Ah, John, has it come to that?" asked Mary, the wife of John Malcolm; and the soft words were spoken with a kind of gasp, as though just beneath them by a mighty swell and rush of feeling that well nigh overpowered her voice.

"Yes, Mary, I must come. God knows I've struggled hard as any man to weather the storm, and I could have done it, too, if those western houses hadn't gone under. But they will carry us with it."

"I can't realize it yet, John," looking at him in a half bewildered, half frightened way, that was pitiful to see; the shock for a moment had half stunned her.

"Oh, Mary, it was hardest for your sake," and the words came in a sharp groan which is terrible to hear from the lips of a strong man. The tones aroused her to a full consciousness of what had befallen them, and the part she must bear in it.

"Don't, John—don't take it so hard," her voice struggling through a sob into a note of cheerfulness and her lips fashioning a smile, which, though weak at first, yet would grow stronger each moment; just as you had the sweet promise of day when the first sunbeams struggle weakly out of the morning mist.

"I could have borne it up, Mary, if it had not been for you and the children; but that thought cuts me to the core—it's more than I can bear."

And for the first time the young wife and mother heard a sob from the lips of her husband, and he bowed down on the arm of his chair. The pride of his manhood gave way at last and John Malcolm wept like a child. Then the woman's heart, the woman's power to cheer and comfort and strengthen, roused themselves, the wave went over her but one moment, and then Mary Malcolm forgot herself, and rose up to the height of true womanhood—to the exaltation of self sacrifice.

"John," said the soft, brave voice, "do not say that again. Let everything else fail, the heart of your wife never will."

And now she has come close to him, and he felt her small arms around his neck, and her head lay on his shoulder, as tender and as confiding as in the days of her prosperity. All through one day he had been looking forward to this hour,

and shuddering away from it; once or twice—God forgive him—he had glanced out of his office window to the river, which rolled its dark, sullen waters in the distance, and a fierce temptation had rushed over him to hurry and bury out all his pain and anguish under the dark ruffled sheet of water. But John in his secret distress, knew that the temptation was the voice of the devil entering his soul; he was a man who feared the Lord and kept his commandments; he put the temptation aside.

The young husband had not doubted the wife's heart for a moment; but he had expected to see her almost stricken down to the earth, with the first tidings of the ruin of the house in which he was the heaviest partner. He knew that her youth had been nurtured in all the grace and luxury that wealth confers, and he feared the thought of going into the chill of poverty. He had not looked for loud lamentations, or bitter reproaches, but he dreaded the silent tears, the mute despair of the white face.

So John Malcolm raised his hot face, stained with tears that were shed for her sake, and looked into the eyes of his wife; she answered with a smile that set her face in a new sacredness and beauty to her husband's eye—a smile so sweet and tender to him, so bravely defiant for the worst the world could do for them, and it said to him at once all that her words would and could not.

"Ah, Mary, my wife," said the merchant, "I thought when I came into my house an hour ago, that I was a ruined man; but now I feel as though I were a rich one."

"Ruined with me and the children, John!"

"But, Mary, poor child, you don't know what it is to be poor, to give up so much of the ease and luxury to which you have been accustomed."

"You say that, John, before you have tried me, and seen what of courage, and powers of self-sacrifice there are in my nature."

The noble words had a fitting emphasis in the sweet smile, in the steadfast, dauntless tones.

"But we shall have to give up the house, Mary."

"Well, we can be just as happy in a small one. Our love has a broader foundation than stately rooms and costly furniture. We'll take a cosy little cottage somewhere in the country, and instead of three servants get along with none."

Hearing these words, John Malcolm looked at his wife, but he did not say what was in his heart—a thanksgiving to God for the angel he had sent to walk with him. He took her hand and held it close in his, while he told her of the temptation which had beset him before the failure of his house had become certain—a temptation by yielding to which he could have saved himself from failure.

But it must have been done by dishonest means, by taking advantage of others in his power—in short, by a fraud, which though man's laws could never reach, God's did, with that eternal "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you."

"O, thank God! thank God! you were delivered from this evil," said Mary Malcolm. "I had rather you would go down to your grave without a dollar than have committed this sin," and the tears filled her blue eyes as she spoke.

And afterwards there fell a little silence between the two, husband and wife. It was broken by the latter. She looked into the man's face, and her fingers sifted themselves through the dark hair that had no specks of gray, and her look bright, grateful, loving and touching, conveyed a great deal.

"What is it, Mary?"

"I was thinking, John, how much better off I am to day than thousands of wives throughout the land. How many there are who sit in their lonely homes, wearing the slow hours away, with hopes and fears for husbands that are gone to the war, and whose dreams at night are filled with visions of battle-fields where the one beloved face lies white and ghastly on the sodden grass, with no hand to offer the last cup of water, no ear to catch the last low word. Ah, John, my eyes have never searched, as many eyes do, for your name among the list of killed and wounded; and 'failed' seems a word to thank God for, when I think of that."

She was crying now—the broken merchant's wife—crying for joy.

"Mary," said John, "I never thought of all this, never once; thank God for it, through this day, that has been the dark-

est and brightest day of my life; for out of the thick cloud has its blessed light shined."

And after a while their mind went on the practical matters and uses which so nearly concerned them—the retrenching of their expenses, and selling off their furniture at once, and settling themselves in a cottage as Mary called it, always giving it the sweet flavor of home.

"I can get a clerkship, and we can contrive to live on a small salary, till the war is over, which, God grant, will not be long, and afterwards doubtless, I shall see my way clear into business again.—But, Mary, don't you know how folks will pity you behind your back, and say you've come down dreadfully in the world, and that it's a shame you ever threw yourself on such a poor dog as I am."

"They don't know what they are saying, then, and I certainly shan't care for it."

Her smiles were clear and bright now, as sunshine that has struggled with the cloud, and come out of it triumphant.

"Well, Mary, a strong heart makes a stout arm, and I shall toil with both for you and the children, as a man does for those who are dearer than life to him."

"Dear John," her hand fluttered down on his shoulder in a pretty caressing way, though the tones needed nothing more.

"I came home, Mary, a miserable, discouraged, broken-spirited man; and now I feel as brave, as cheerful, too, as ever I did in my life—aye, richer, for it needed this day and this trial to show me what the woman I have married was worth, and all she could be to me. Oh, Mary, if there were only more wives in the world like you."

PETROLEUM taxed one dollar per barrel would produce a revenue of two millions of dollars in Pennsylvania alone.

A VOTER in Massachusetts recovered eight thousand dollars from the selectmen for refusing to put his name on the poll list.

HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS has expressed his desire to return home. His successor will not be appointed for some months.

A MORTGAGE deed was registered recently at Portland Maine, upon which was affixed United States revenue stamps to the amount of \$1,500.

THE objection to raising potatoes is, besides the hard work, that it yields no manure for the farm, and consequently tends to the exhaustion of the fertility of it.

RAGMEN are with the army of the Potomac buying up and gathering woolen and cotton rags wherever they can find them, and paying for the rags as high as eighteen cents per pound.

Two men of Troy, N. Y., who favored the election of Gov. Seymour, are now obliged to walk eight miles barefooted, to fulfill a wager—rather too much of a joke in mud and cold of a November day.

Two years ago the people of San Francisco were raising money for Sacramento county, drowned out by the flood; now they are doing the same for Santa Barbara county, starved out by the drouth.

THE Pittsburg Gazette says the apple crop in Western Pennsylvania is enormous, and though apples command high prices now, it expresses its belief that they will sell at seventy-five cents per barrel before Christmas.

HOW TO CATCH HAWKS AND OWLS.—Erect in the middle of your field a long pole. Set a steel trap upon the top, and the unwary hawk and owl will light directly in the trap. By this means hundreds may be taken in one season.

ACCORDING to a California paper they have a queer currency in Owensville—acorns. Business men got along very well until the Indians began to lay in their winter stores, when the currency became deranged and a panic ensued!

THE Methodist and Presbyterian churches at Ypsilanti were entered last week by a number of lads, who committed some minor depredations in the former, and "confiscated" about eighteen dollars, the proceeds of a Sabbath school contribution in the latter. The robbery was discovered, and part of the money recovered.

## Cutting, Soaking, and Steaming Fodder.

The present prices of hay and all kinds of coarse fodder, as well as roots and grain, lead farmers to consider willingly all means to save food. There may be a very great saving in food, if it be put in a more digestible and assimilable form, than if fed in its natural state. The labor of comminuting the food is saved to the animals if it be done by machinery; nevertheless, it is not well to reduce it so fine as to do away with the necessity of chewing thoroughly. If the feed of cattle be so fine and pulpy as to pass directly into the digesting stomachs, not being retained in the first stomach, and subsequently chewed as cud, the digestive system of the animal is interfered with, and disease ensues, as is the case with cows in the swill-milk stables. However, there is no such danger except where some food similar to still-slops is used, and fed without a proper admixture of hay or straw.

There is a decided gain in simply cutting up the hay or corn fodder, and wetting it with less water than it will absorb in 10 or 12 hours. Salting it slightly, and sprinkling it with a small quantity of meal, or bran, make it still more relishable, and even the butts of cornstalks thus prepared are eaten very clean. If the mixture be allowed to stand till it heats somewhat, it is still more relished, and goes still further. The value of corn fodder is fully seen when treated in some such way. In our opinion, and that of many discreet farmers, it is worth as much for cattle food as common hay—not quite so much as prime timothy, or first-rate hay of mixed grasses. A still further appreciation in the value of fodder, of almost all kinds, will be observed when it is cooked. This is most readily done by steaming, and for this purpose the most convenient way is to have a hoghead or other tight containing vessel hung on trunnions, or otherwise suspended by the middle, so that it may be turned over like a bell, or to one side at least, when it is to be emptied. When the fodder is put in, with perhaps a small quantity of water, a jet of steam let into it, and carried to the bottom by a pipe, will rapidly cook the entire mass, and often a good deal more than the vessel will hold at first. The boiler may be kept at a distance from the stalls, so far that there will be no danger from the fire. There are several excellent agricultural steam boilers; some of the best were at the recent fair, and one has been lately advertised in the *Agriculturist*.—*American Agriculturist*.

THE ESTATE OF JUDGE DOUGLAS.—The executor under the will of the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas has appeared in the county Court and exhibited receipts to show that he had paid Mrs. Douglas over \$7,500 and the two children of the deceased statesman 7,000, after discharging all claims on the estate. All the friends of the late lamented Douglas will be highly gratified at the intelligence, as the report had gone abroad that Mr. Douglas had died insolvent.—*Chicago Times*.

INFANTICIDE.—Yesterday morning an infant was found on the railroad track, in front of the depot in this village, supposed to have been deposited there from the privy on the 5.50 A. M. passenger train going east. It was probably alive when it was dropped there by its inhuman mother, as there was warmth in the body when it was discovered. Justice Parker took charge of the body and summoned a jury, who returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts.—*Albion Mirror*.

At Vicksburg, recently, Captain Maurice Dee and Captain Jessup, Illinois officers, got drunk, and Jessup undertook to shoot a cup from Dee's head. The ball passed through Dee's brain and he lived half an hour.

The female operators in the Eastern cotton mills are adopting the Bloomer costume as a working dress, as being less liable to become entangled in the machinery and is besides quite a novelty.

At the late Presidential election, in one of the wards in Cincinnati, one ballot was found—a straight republican ticket—with "God forgive me for this sin!" written on the back of it.

It is said there is a decrease of about fifty per cent. of candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church during the past two or three years.

Love and bad weather are things we had better keep out of if we can.